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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

11:30 - 12:30 A.M. C.S.T.

Nov. 2
OCTOBER 26, 1933

THURSDAY

EPISODE #85

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Again, we are to have a look-in on the interesting life and work of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers, the guardians and managers of our great National Forests, where the many and varied resources are being protected for the lasting benefit of the people of the United States. - Up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, we find Mrs. Robbins alone. Ranger Jim Robbins has been attending a conference at regional headquarters for the last several days, and his assistant, Jerry Quick, has gone out on a trail survey. However, expecting the men home this evening, Mrs. Robbins has invited Mary Halloway, the school teacher, to have supper with them, and now, as we tune in at the Ranger station, we find her busily engaged in preparing the evening meal --

SOUND: RATTLE OF STOVE AND KITCHENWARE

BESS: HUMMING AN OLD DITTY

KNOCK ON DOOR

BESS: Come in.

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DOOR OPENS

MARY: (COMING IN) Oh - I hope I'm not too late, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, no indeed, Mary - the men haven't/^{even} arrived yet, but I expect them any minute - Just lay your coat in there in the bedroom.

MARY: All right.

BESS: Did you have a nice ride today?

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, the most wonderful I ever experienced! The scenery up the North Fork is just beautiful, and that trail is the most alluring thing I've ever seen. Did Mr. Robbins build it?

BESS: Yes, Jim built most of the trails on this district. When we came here, you see, there was nothing but a few old logging roads through the forest, and it was difficult to get around, - so Jim started to building trails as fast as he could get the funds for them.

MARY: Oh, I'm certainly glad he built that one! I'll have to ask him how he chose the route to bring all those wonderful views.

BESS: Yes, do. Jim is certainly interested in trails - Oh dear, I do wish they'd come. My biscuits will be spoiled if they don't.

JERRY: (WHISTLING) (OFF)

MARY: Oh, Here comes Jerry now, I think.

BESS: Yes, that's Jerry.

SOUND OF JERRY THROWING TOOLS ON PORCH, SCRAPPING FEET, ENTERING DOOR

[illegible]

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(750)

JERRY: (COMING IN) Hello Mrs. Robbins. Has Jim come --
Oh, why hello Mary! I didn't expect to see you here.

MARY: Hello Jerry -- didn't you?

BESS: It's just a little surprise, Jerry. Mary is going to be here for supper with us.

JERRY: Say - that's great.

BESS: No, Jim hasn't arrived yet - but he telephoned that he'd be in about six.

JERRY: Well, I hope he gets in soon. Gosh, the smells from the kitchen sure make a guy's mouth water. I bet I do justice to your supper tonight, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: (SLYLY) Why tonight, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) That's one on me. I guess I always do justice to your meals. But that trail job today kinda boosted my appetite, I guess.

BESS: (LAUGHING) That's all right, Jerry. -- He always says that, Mary, so I had to tease him a bit.

MARY: Well, I'm sure that building trails would make me hungry. I'm almost famished just from riding on them.

BESS: If Jim doesn't come soon I'll give you a bite. -
Oh dear, I suppose he'll be late, as usual.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Well, I guess I might as well clean up a little while we're waiting.

PHONE RINGS

(The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been
admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education
since the last meeting of the Board, and the date of their admission.)

1. Mr. J. H. Smith, Secretary, 1890.

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BESS: I expect that's jim, now -- (ANSWERING PHONE)
This is Mrs. Robbins speaking. - Oh, it's you
Jim! - What? - Yes, I understand, now. You're
at the Todd ranch, on the way home. I'm glad you
called - yes. Hurry along, Jim. - Yes, he just
came in. - Goodbye. (HANGS UP) That was Jim -
here, Jerry, and you too, Mary, I'm going to fix
you a hot biscuit and some jelly. That will tide
you over till he arrives.

JERRY: Oh, I can wait, Mrs. Robbins.

MARY: Don't bother, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: No bother at all. Here, take one - and here's
the butter, and jelly - I know how hungry you are.

JERRY: Well, I guess I can stand one. - Oh boy, talk
about biscuits!

MARY: They're delicious, Mrs. Robbins.

JERRY: I'm glad Jim is getting back tonight. I want to
change that trail survey I was working on today,
but I didn't want to do it 'till I consulted him.

BESS: I'm glad he's coming too. I'm always so relieved
when he phones. Since that time he was nearly
struck by lightening, and had to lay out all night,
he nearly always calls me when he's handy to a
phone.

MARY: Oh, Mr. Robbins never told me about that. What
happened?

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold air.

It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under.

I took a deep breath and felt a sense of relief wash over me.

The world outside was a blur of colors and sounds, but I knew I was home.

I walked towards the house, my feet crunching on the snow-covered ground.

The door was slightly ajar, and I could hear the faint sound of music.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside, feeling a warm embrace.

The house was dark, but the fire in the hearth lit up the room.

I walked towards the fireplace, my hands outstretched towards the flames.

The warmth of the fire was exactly what I needed.

I closed my eyes and let the heat soak into my bones.

The music was a soft melody, and I knew it was my favorite.

I opened my eyes and looked around the room, feeling a sense of peace.

The house was quiet, but I knew I was not alone.

I walked towards the door, my hands outstretched towards the light.

The door was open, and I could see the bright sun shining through the trees.

I stepped outside and felt the sun on my face, a warm and comforting glow.

I took a deep breath and felt a sense of freedom wash over me.

The world was a blur of colors and sounds, but I knew I was free.

I walked towards the horizon, my feet crunching on the snow-covered ground.

The sun was low in the sky, and I knew it was time to say goodnight.

I closed my eyes and let the darkness embrace me.

The house was dark, but the fire in the hearth lit up the room.

I walked towards the fireplace, my hands outstretched towards the flames.

The warmth of the fire was exactly what I needed.

I closed my eyes and let the heat soak into my bones.

BESS: Well, Jim doesn't talk much about it, I guess. It's not a pleasant recollection. You see, it happened up in Lost Man canyon, where you were working yesterday, Jerry. Jim was laying out a trail around a swamp -

JERRY: Yes, I know just where that swamp lies. But pardon me, Mrs. Robbins, what about the lightening?

BESS: Why one of our terrible electric storms broke over the mountains just about this time in the evening, - and Jim started for the temporary station, but the storm caught him. He said it looked like a solid wall of water with flame all through it, from the lightening flashes.

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, did it strike him?

BESS: Not exactly. Jim said that right after the rain struck him it seemed like there was a terrific explosion back of him, and something like a blast of wind just knocked him and his horse off the trail into the middle of Lost Man creek.

MARY: Oh, just imagine!

BESS: Jim was dazed or unconcious till about nine next morning.

JERRY: How did he get home?

BESS: Why, he was riding old Buck, the horse I let you ride today, Mary. He managed to get to the cabin during the night, but he doesn't know how. He found Buck right by him when he gained conciousness, and he mounted and rode on in. He telephoned me from the Archuleta ranch, and I went after him.

MARY: And Buck stayed with him?

BESS: Yes. Jim said he fell off a dozen times coming in, but Buck never left him.

MARY: The old dear. I liked him today, but I'll love him after this. He's a wonderful horse.

BESS: Jim wouldn't sell him for any amount of money.

1- (MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HEAVY STEPS ON PORCH)

BESS: Here is Jim, now, I think.

JERRY: Oh boy, now we can eat!

(DOOR OPENS)

BESS: Hello Jim.

JIM: (COMING UP) Hello Bess. (KISSES HER)

BESS: My, we thought you'd never come.

JIM: Huh. - Hi there Jerry! - Well, and here's our pretty school marm, too. How are you, Mary?

MARY: Good eveining, Mr. Robbins. - Mrs. Robbins was kind enough to loan me old Buck today, and then she asked me to stay to supper.

JIM: That's fine.! (CHUCKLES) A regular surprise party.

BESS: Now hurry and wash, Jim. Supper's all ready.

JIM: I'm hungry as a wolf too. - I'll just wash my hands. I washed my face this morning. (CHUCKLES) - Sorry to have kept you waiting Bess, but I had to 'tend to a few things, after the conference was over, and it took me longer than I expected.

BESS: Well, hurry Jim.. Sit up, Jerry. And you sit here, Mary.

(SOUND OF CHAIRS AND DISHES)

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1891

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JIM: All right, let's eat. -- As old Ranger Hull used to say "we haven't got much, but it's durn good what there is of it."

(LAUGHS)

MARY: This looks like a feast to me, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Me too, Mary. After grazing on that restaurant bill of fare for a week it is a feast. - Bess, the Supervisor said he was coming up here again soon.

(CHUCKLES) I'll bet he was thinking about your biscuits.

BESS: Now, Jim!

JERRY: He does think your cooking's pretty swell, Mrs. Robbins. I've heard him say so a lot of times.

JIM: And he paid you a compliment at the conference, Bess. He was telling one of the boys how you handled that fire when I was away two weeks ago, and he said if he had five Rangers like you, his job would be easy.

BESS: Now, Jim, you're ^{just} teasing.

JIM: Nope, Bess, it's the truth. And it made me sorta feel proud of you.

BESS: Well, Jim, I only did it to help you.

JERRY: I know, Mrs. Robbins. You're always doing something to help us, or somebody else.

JIM: By the way Jerry, how's the trail survey coming along?

JERRY: All staked to the snow line, Jim.

JIM: Fine. You did well, son.

JERRY: But listen, Jim - I'd like to change that location where it bends around the ridge below the pass. By going over that low divide east of the ridge, we can save a little distance.

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

1. 1916-1917

JIM: Uh-huh. - But I'll tell you, Jerry - I'm a great lover of beautiful panoramas. When I select the location of a trail I always try to locate it where I can get an eyeful of the scenery.

JERRY: I think I get it, Jim. In this case you had in mind that view of Cloud Peak.

JIM: Exactly. I expect thousands of people will be riding that trail in days to come, and the pleasure that some of 'em will get from that view ought to justify that little extra distance.

MARY: Oh, Mr. Robbins, now I realize why that trail I rode today is so wonderful. It seemed that I kept riding from one beautiful view into another entirely different all the way

JIM: (CHUCKLES) It's a big job though, Mary, to get 'em built and keep 'em in shape. I guess no one but Bess'll ever know how many days I've spent in getting these trails approved and built.

MARY: It must be wonderful to be able to do it, though.

JIM: Well, I've always been glad that it's part of our work. It seems to me that when I'm building trails I'm working hand-in-hand with the Maker of the Universe, finishing the job He started, you might say.

MARY: Oh, isn't that a splendid thought! No wonder you rangers love your work! - You know, Mrs. Robbins told me how to watch for those little blazes on the trees along the trail so I wouldn't lose the way. Do you put them along all the trails?

JIM: Yes, at least we aim to. (CHUCKLES) We know the way so well that sometimes we kinda forget to do it. - But the Forest Service standard is to blaze all trails plainly enough that anyone can follow 'em without any fear of losing the way, even when the trails snowed under.

MARY: And what are those little notches for, above the blazes? It makes them look like footprints on the trees.

JIM: Well, now, I never thought of that. (CHUCKLES) Maybe, it was somebody's idea, to leave footprints to follow. But as far as I know, the notch is cut above the blaze to make it distinctive as a Forest Service symbol.

JERRY: Did you hear anything more about trail work allotments for this year, Jim?

JIM: Nope. But I'm glad you got that Lost Man job staked. After we've made a careful selection of the route, the next step in trail building is to get it exactly where you want it, and the only way to do that is to stake it out.

BESS: Now, Jim, you've built enough trails for tonight. Did you have a good time at the conference?

JIM: Yep, the meeting was quite a success - (CHUCKLES) We had a stag supper and a penny-ante game, and I saw a couple of good shows.

BESS: Why Jim!

JIM: (CHUCKLES) How about another biscuit, Mary?

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Figure 1

MARY: Oh, thank you.

BESS: And let me give you some more coffee - will you have another cup too, Jerry?

JERRY: If you please, Mrs. Robbins. - What about the cost accounting plan, Jim? Did you get into that?

JIM: Yes, we did. In fact it was the major topic of the meeting. You know Jerry, the Forest Service is like a big retail store. Only instead of selling groceries, for instance, we're charged with selling a lot of public services and benefits. We want to handle that job in a business-like way with some attention to profit and loss.

BESS: But haven't you always done that, Jim?

JIM: Yes, more or less - but its hard sometimes to figure things down to dollars and cents when you're dealing so much with intangible benefits. The more we know about just what our services cost, the surer we can be that we're giving the greatest possible value for every dollar, in terms of public welfare.

JERRY: I think I get the idea, Jim. We want concrete figures so we'll know we're handling our work in a business-like manner.

JIM: Correct you are, son. - How about a smoke? Think you can stand one of my stogies?

JERRY: Thanks. (LAUGHS) You'd know you've been to a conference, all right.

JIM: Bess, there's a box of candy in that grip. I'll get it out, so you can share it with Mary.

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BESS: Oh, that's nice of you, Jim! - You know, Mary,
I almost like to have Jim go 'way for a few days,
sometimes, - because it's so nice having him come
back.

ORCHESTRA: THEME (SOFTLY)

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like there's going to be a nice
pleasant homelike evening at the Pine Cone Ranger Station.

And now folks, we join with Uncle Sam's Forest
Rangers in a salute to Senior Forest Ranger O.C. Houser of the
Umpqua National Forest in Oregon. Ranger "Oscar" Houser has just
recently been retired after 24 years without a break in service.
As District Ranger and Fire Dispatcher he gave the best that was in
him, regardless of how difficult the task assigned, - and never
complained. He was one of the pioneers of the North Umpqua
territory in the days when the trails were few and truly dim. Those
were the days when he was endeavoring to protect and administer
single-handed as much territory as a dozen men are now assigned to.

Ranger Houser, here's wishing you "Happy Days".

This program comes to you as a presentation of
the National Broadcasting Company, with the co-operation of the
United States Forest Service.

